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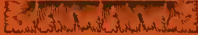
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Military Order
of the
Loyal Legion
of the
 United States.



COMMANDERY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



WAR PAPER 19.

"A Sailor on Horseback."

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Military Order of the Loyal Legion

OF THE

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COMMANDERY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



WAR PAPERS.

19

“A Sailor on Horseback.”

PREPARED BY COMPANION

Lieutenant-Colonel

G. C. KNIFFIN,

U. S. Volunteers,

AND

READ AT THE STATED MEETING OF MARCH 7, 1894.

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A Sailor on Horseback.

The two general officers whom I first met after entering the volunteer army were sailors.

The first was Lieut. Wm. Nelson, boisterous as the Atlantic in a storm ;

The other, Lieut. Samuel P. Carter, more Pacific in demeanor, both of the United States Navy.

Alike in the element of courage and intelligence, they soon obtained control over the turbulent spirits who flocked to their standard at Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky, and, although totally unlike in other characteristics, they were full of tireless energy and unquenchable patriotism. Nelson seemed to require neither sleep nor rest. He regarded the drilling and discipline of raw recruits as of paramount importance in carrying out the great task to which he had been assigned, and bent every effort towards rendering the force under his command effective. He had been directed by the President to organize in Kentucky a brigade of infantry and cavalry and a battery of artillery to convoy an ammunition-train across the Cumberland Mountains to the relief of the suffering loyalists of East Tennessee.

His subsequent career, his development into one of the most efficient division commanders of the Army of the Ohio, and his tragic death, will form the theme of a subsequent paper, if the Commandery desires to hear it.

Lieutenant Carter was in most regards the opposite of Nelson. Tall and graceful in carriage, he was equally handsome, of great affability, and his winning address was coupled with dignity and self-restraint. His appearance at the camp had a soothing effect upon his fiery brother officer of the navy, and it was

observed that the expletives with which the latter was wont to emphasize his opinion upon subjects that displeased him were more mild in tone when the "parson," as he dubbed Carter, was present.

Long service in the navy had imparted to an otherwise pleasing address an appearance of sternness—increased, doubtless, by the gravity of the situation.

The habit of command sat easily upon him, and the control which he speedily acquired over his men increased to veneration as events, crowding rapidly upon each other, brought into requisition the qualities of patience, courage, and discipline, with which he was eminently endowed.

Lieutenant Carter was a native of East Tennessee, a graduate of the Naval Academy, and the outbreak of the rebellion found him on duty with his ship at Valparaiso, Chile.

Like Nelson, he had been transferred to the War Department for special duty at the urgent request of his countrymen in East Tennessee and assigned to the command^{*} of such troops as could be organized from the refugees from that locality, with the rank of Brigadier General.

You who have been accustomed to meeting this quiet, courteous gentleman at his home, on the street, with the Commandery, or within the sacred portals of the church can form little idea of the masterful character of the man. With him Christianity was not a garment to be put on and doffed at pleasure. It was a very real and living presence. Glowing with equal intensity in camp and upon the battle-field, it permeated with its refining, uplifting influence the atmosphere of his headquarters.

General Carter was a clean man—in person, in thought, speech, and behavior—and there were none so gross or sensual as not to yield deference to the soldierly Christian, whose courage was unquestioned and whose piety was so sincere.

There came a time in the outset of his military career when all the patience and firmness with which he was so wonderfully endowed were needed in a great emergency. General Zollicoffer, in command of the Department of East Tennessee, entered the State of Kentucky at the head of an army that he believed was strong enough to overcome the small force under command of General Thomas at Camp Dick Robinson. He was defeated on the 22d of October, 1861, at Wild Cat, before he had marched half the distance towards our camp, by a detachment of three regiments sent out to meet him. General Thomas at once put his forces in motion, and the pursuit continued nearly to Cumberland Gap, where, owing to lack of transportation for supplies, the pursuit was abandoned.

The East Tennessee brigade, elated at the prospect of reaching their homes, had pressed forward, eagerly counting the days that must elapse before they could march triumphantly through their native valleys.

Upon these men the order to return to camp fell like a death-knell. They were new to the profession of arms. They knew nothing of discipline or drill. They were only a motley assemblage of men in whose hearts was one sentiment, which opposition had fanned into an intense flame—love of country and home.

Nearly the entire brigade mutinied, demanding to be led into East Tennessee. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." It maddens strong, unreasoning men. They fell upon the ground in an agony of despair, some cursing the commander, others calling upon God to help them in their extremity. Tears were flowing down bearded cheeks, and many officers and men declared they would not return.

A commander of less judgment than General Thomas would have called upon the other brigades to reduce the East Tennesseans to submission; but he, with that wisdom that never failed

him in any emergency, left the matter entirely to General Carter, who, moving about on foot among the men, exhorting them to obedience, promising an early renewal of the campaign, gradually regained his influence and led his sullen and disappointed regiments back to camp.

From this unpromising material he formed a brigade of well drilled and disciplined troops, which on many a hotly contested field demonstrated their love for the Union and their devotion to their heroic commander.

The limits of this paper will allow of but one instance, among many, showing how well the confidence of both people and Government was placed, and how gallantly the duties of a soldier may be performed by a sailor on horseback.

The organization of cavalry regiments for military operations in rear of the Federal lines was undertaken by the Confederate Government at an early period of the war, resulting in the periodical destruction of our lines of railroad from the base of supplies to the army front.

Conspicuous among the leaders of these organizations were Generals Morgan and Forrest, the one operating in Kentucky and the other in Tennessee. The boldness with which these forays were conducted, and their marvellous rapidity of movement, imparted a spice of romance to the raiders inspiring to the youth of the Blue-Grass State. The ranks were filled by brave, determined young fellows varying in intellectual endowments from the graduates of Yale and Harvard down to the youngster whose principal endowments were to read and write and ride a horse. How well they rode, how bravely they fought, and how keen they were in a horse trade, and the rest of their acts, are written in the chronicles of the War of the Rebellion. Morgan's raids in a State so well provided with horses, forage, and subsistence as Kentucky were successful, owing largely to the adherence

to one invariable principle. No matter how hot the pursuit or precipitate the retreat, this subtle influence actuated every member of the command from general to private soldier. This all-pervading rule, without which the Morgan raids would have been ignominious failures, was, to *never pass a good horse*.

It was not until a full year after the fame of Morgan had filled every hamlet in the land that the War Department awoke to the importance of organizing a cavalry force equal to that of the enemy.

The people had come to believe that Southern horsemen were superior to those from the Northern States, and the Government appears to have had the same idea.

The Confederate records show that the cavalry equipped and mounted during the winter of 1862-'3, under Generals Van Dorn, Wheeler, Forrest, and Morgan, numbered over 20,000. The cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee combined did not reach one-half that number. The result of this preponderance of cavalry was the capture of Holly Springs by Van Dorn, and the halt of Grant's column while on its way to the certain capture of Vicksburg in December, 1862, the burning of bridges and capture of stores along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad by Forrest, and the destruction of trestle-work and capture of trains and of a whole brigade of infantry by Morgan. Army movements and military operations of the highest importance were for the time rendered abortive by persistent raids upon our communications by these pestiferous fellows, who moved so rapidly—appearing here to-day, and to-morrow fifty miles away—that it became necessary to detail a force equal to one-tenth of the infantry in the army to guard bridges along the railroad leading back to the bases of supplies.

The urgent appeals of General Rosecrans for horses and carbines with which to mount and arm his men and pursue the

rebels to the rear of their own lines were unheeded by the wisecracks of Washington, who at a thousand miles' distance attempted to plan and prosecute campaigns in Tennessee. The origin of disagreement between Stanton and Rosecrans was the refusal by the former to comply with Rosecrans' request for more cavalry, or, in lieu thereof, for horses upon which to mount infantry. That there was no foundation for the assertion that Morgan's cavalry was in any regard superior to that from other States was demonstrated by its pursuit and capture in Ohio by Shackelford in 1863, and by its destruction by Burbridge in 1864, at Cynthiana, Kentucky.

The success of Morgan is rather to be attributed to the constant exchange of horses in the country through which he passed and to the lack of cavalry with which to pursue him or head him off from his own lines. His operations were conducted in a country to a great extent friendly to the Confederate cause, and in which his men were recruited. Being never at a loss for a guide, he was able to take advantage of the topography of the country to secure the most practicable routes of march from one point to another.

His men fought well when the necessities of the case required, as at Lebanon and Hartsville; but Morgan never risked a battle merely for the sake of a fight. He was master of his own movements and was not required to render an account of his operations to the commanding general of the department. Thus, untrammelled by orders, he moved from place to place, inflicting as much injury as possible upon the Federal lines; avoiding a battle, if it could be done by flight, leaving in his wake smoking bridges and looted storehouses.

Pursued by a brigade of infantry no larger than his own command, under Colonel (now Associate Justice) Harlan, he avoided a fight, preferring to trust his safety to the speed of

his horses. Calling upon a Michigan regiment to surrender, and being met by the heroic response, "Michigan soldiers do not surrender on the Fourth of July," he ordered a charge upon the works by his entire division, when, suffering a severe repulse, he ordered a retreat, leaving the Wolverines to their own devices.

Forrest, on the other hand, appeared to be always spoiling for a fight. "Give me ten minutes bulge on 'em, and I don't care for your tactics," said this early morning raider, and many a luckless garrison had cause to curse the unconscionably early hours in which he chose to do his fighting.

Van Dorn's brief experience as a cavalry officer gave small opportunity to judge of his powers. He celebrated his advent in the saddle by moving to the rear of Grant's army and destroying his depot of supplies at Holly Springs, in December, 1862, causing the retreat of Grant to Memphis, and Sherman's ineffectual assault upon Chickasaw Bluffs. His career closed in the spring of 1863, at Spring Hill, Tennessee, where he fell a victim at the shrine of Venus instead of Mars.

But no such adventitious circumstances attended the cavalry raid through mountainous passes out in an unknown country by Northern cavalry, which I shall attempt to describe. There was urgent need of the greatest speed to accomplish the purpose of the expedition, but there was no possibility of exchange of horses. The loss of the horse meant the loss of the rider, yet the celerity of movement and the thoroughness with which the work was accomplished were never excelled by either of the Confederate commanders I have mentioned.

Among the patriots of 1861 there are none who have a stronger hold upon the veneration of the American people than those of East Tennessee. The courage and constancy of their devotion to the Union; their suffering and exposure to death in every form that the malignity of their enemies could invent; their

separation from their families during months of anxious waiting, when every messenger from their native land brought to their ears tales of outrage and cruel persecution inflicted upon those who were left behind, by a lawless horde of guerrillas, who, in the name of the confederacy, filled the land with rapine and murder; their long probation and final triumph, form matter for an epic poem for which the poet has not yet arisen. Banished from their homes by the stern edict of a power whose authority they defied, and which was at war with all their traditions of loyalty, they had no recourse from entering the Confederate service except in expatriating themselves from their homes and leaving their families to the tender mercies of freebooters. The occupation of East Tennessee by a military force sufficient to hold possession of it had from the outbreak of the rebellion been an object dear to the great heart of President Lincoln. Failure to accomplish this cherished result had caused the removal of General Buell from the command of the Army of the Ohio, to which General Rosecrans was assigned in October, 1862. The determination to carry out this object was impressed upon General Rosecrans, who found, on assuming command, the Confederate army, under General Bragg, encamped in Middle Tennessee, thirty miles from Nashville. To move into East Tennessee through Cumberland Gap, even if so long a march over country roads, without adequate transportation for army supplies, in the early winter months had been practicable, would invite the capture of Nashville, and the invasion of Kentucky from the south, resulting in cutting off his lines of communication with his base at Cincinnati and the possible occupation of the States north of the Ohio by the Confederates. Yet, preposterous as it appears at this distance, the march through Cumberland Gap was persistently urged by the War Department. While Rosecrans was gathering his forces for a decisive blow upon the army in his

front, the Confederate cavalry, outnumbering that in the Union army three to one, were constantly raiding through the country in his rear. Forrest, in West Tennessee, turned his attention to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad in rear of General Grant; and Morgan, in Kentucky, fell upon the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and swept it clear of bridges and trestle-work from Bacon Creek to the Rolling Fork.

While Morgan with his rough riders was illuminating the heavens along the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad with the light of burning bridges, a counter raid was in progress in East Tennessee, conducted by Brig. Gen. S. P. Carter. On November 25, 1862, an expedition was proposed to enter East Tennessee and destroy the bridges along the line of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. A good deal of time was used in organizing the expedition, and it was not until December 19th that arrangements were perfected and the movements ordered. Even then an insufficient force was detached upon a most hazardous expedition. General Carter, in command of the forces assigned to the work, ordered a junction to be made in Clay County, Kentucky, and proceeded to that point on the 20th.

The organizations composing this force were as follows: Two battalions each of the Second Michigan Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, and Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Russell, and the First Battalion of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Major Raney—the brigade, 980 strong, under command of Col. Charles A. Walker, of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry. A forage-train accompanied the command sixty miles, and then, after distributing a portion of the supplies to the men, transferred the remainder to a train of pack-mules. At noon on the 28th the foot of the Cumberland Mountains was reached on the north side, opposite Crank's Gap, equidistant between Pound Gap and

Cumberland Gap. The horses were then fed, a day's forage procured, and the pack-mules sent back. A little before sunset the summit of the mountain was reached, and in the distance the whole field of operations was spread out to view. From this point General Carter's objective point, the railroad bridges above Knoxville, Tenn., lay two hundred miles southeast. To reach it he must cross the southwest corner of Virginia, traversed by mountain ranges and rivers at right angles to his line of march, over heavy dirt roads, where rapid movement was impossible, and through mountain passes where a few hundred determined men could effectually bar the passage of his troops. Four hours were occupied in the steep narrow descent, where General Carter learned that 400 Confederate cavalry were encamped at Jonesville, Va., five miles distant. The territory into which Carter had penetrated was comprised in the district entrusted to the guardianship of Humphrey Marshall, whose Falstaffian proportions required that he should remain near headquarters at Abingdon, Va. On the night of the 29th he received from Captain Lanier, stationed at Pattonville, information by telegraph that 4,000 Union cavalry were marching on Bristol, Tenn., forty-five miles distant. Marshall's force consisted of the Forty-sixth Virginia Infantry, Colonel Slemper, encamped near Bristol; a battalion of Kentuckians, under command of Col. Ezekiel F. Clay; a battalion of artillery, 500 strong, at Jefferson, Tazewell County, Va., with twelve guns, and a battery of six pieces at Wytheville, Va. He had, in addition to this, a mounted force scattered through the country whose principal employment was to forage for subsistence for themselves and horses. The obese general seemed to be always a man with a grievance. Kirby Smith had banished his cavalry from his domain and forbidden them to collect forage in East Tennessee. General Floyd, in the enjoyment of vice-

regal rights under State authority in Western Virginia, although not his superior officer, treated him with cold contempt. A nomadic life had bred within his capacious breast a restless desire to accomplish something, but as fast as he succeeded in accumulating a force sufficient to carry out a grand design it was taken from him. The constant victim of nostalgia, he was compelled to stand without the gates of paradise, which all true-born Kentuckians are taught to believe centers in the blue-grass region, and feed his hungry recruits upon the husks beyond Pound Gap. Colonel Giltner's Fourth Kentucky Cavalry had moved on from day to day, in compliance with Kirby Smith's demand, to Russell County, Virginia; Clay's battalion of Kentucky mounted rifles was near the Three Springs, in Washington County, Tenn. Johnson's battalion still lingered near Kingsport, Tenn., always on the eve of starting for Kentucky in search of forage and recruits. Witcher's battalion of Virginia riflemen had drifted as far east as Chatham Hill, Va., above the salt-works. McFarland's company were grazing in the rich lands of Tazewell County. Thus at the instant when Captain Lanier's telegram was handed to General Marshall his force of 3,000 men was scattered over sixty miles of territory, all intent upon the one object of filling their stomachs and those of their horses. Colonel Slem, commanding the regiment at Bristol, was ordered by telegraph to keep a sharp lookout in the direction of Pattonville. Batteries of artillery were ordered from Wytheville to Bristol. Judging that the real point of attack was at the salt-works, where irreparable injury could be inflicted in a few hours' time, the Georgia battery was ordered to that place, where, in front of Hyde's Gap, covering Saltville, a regiment of cavalry was encamped. Lieutenant Colonel Pryor, of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, visiting at Abingdon, was aroused and sent to

his camp, twenty-two miles, with orders to throw out heavy pickets towards Russell, Hansonville, Va., and the mouth of Dump's Creek, with videttes thrown out towards Estillville and Osborne's Ford, on Clinch River. Captain Harmon, in command of Witcher's battalion, was ordered to move rapidly down Poor Valley to the Little Moccasin Gap, throw out scouts to Hanson's and open communication with Giltner. Toward morning a railroad train arrived from Bristol, and the conductor was directed to remain and transport troops back to that point, but disobeyed the order, thus preventing the arrival of troops until too late to be of any avail.

While Marshall was making these dispositions of the forces at his command, General Carter was advancing rapidly toward the railroad. All through the day and night of the 29th the column marched down Cove Creek, through a gap in Poor Valley Ridge, across Powell's Valley, Va., reaching the top of Powell Mountain at daylight of the 30th; then through Stickleyville and across Clinch River, arriving at Estillville, now Gate City, Va., at 10 P. M. Here they met Witcher's battalion, which fled towards Kingsport without firing a gun. No time now for a rest. Confederate cavalry hovering upon their flanks, on they moved in compact ranks, through the mud and darkness, over unknown roads, picking up the enemy's stragglers at every mile of the march. A sergeant of the Second Michigan Cavalry, with two soldiers, falling to the rear to adjust a saddle-girth, rode on to join the command and missed the way in the darkness of the night. Seeing cavalry ahead, they rode up and asked if the column had passed. "What column?" was asked. "Carter's," was the response. "We are Confederates, and you are prisoners." The poor fellows surrendered, and immediately afterwards a pistol-shot laid one of them dead at the feet of their captors. The murder was

committed by Major Johnson, commanding a battalion of Kentucky mounted rifles, who was on his way from Abingdon to join his command. Immediately preceding the capture, he had come up with Lieutenant Duncan's company "A," of Lieutenant Colonel Clay's command, scouting from his camp towards Estillville. "The two remaining prisoners," says Clay in his report, "were sent to camp accompanied by Major Johnson, who was very much excited and yet holding his pistol in his hand."

At daylight on the morning of the 30th Carter reached Blountville, Tenn., where he captured and paroled some thirty soldiers of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry. Bristol was eight miles ahead, but, hearing that it was guarded by a regiment 900 strong and a battery of artillery, Carter moved to the right to strike the railroad toward Union, now Bluff City, Tenn. Meanwhile the country lying to the left of his line of march was alive with troops hastening to the defence of Bristol and Saltville.

The Second Michigan Cavalry was despatched to Union to take the place and destroy the railroad bridge, while Carter remained a few hours to await the arrival of the rear guard, in charge of stragglers. Major McDowell, in command of a battalion of the Sixty-second North Carolina, surrendered without resistance, and on the arrival of Carter with the main body, the bridge across the Holston, a fine structure 600 feet in length, was slowly burning. The prisoners were paroled, and that afternoon were on their way to the mountains of North Carolina, swearing they would never be exchanged. Their joy at being captured seemed to be unbounded. The depot, containing a large quantity of salt, nitre, and other Government stores, was burned. As soon as the work of destruction was fairly under way, Colonel Walker, with Col. J. P. Carter, of the Second East Tennessee Infantry, who accompanied the expedition as a guide, with detachments of the Second Michigan, Ninth Pennsylvania, and

Seventh Ohio Cavalry, in all 181 men, started for the Watauga bridge, at Carter Station, ten miles west of Union. On their way they captured a locomotive and tender, on which Colonel Love, of the Sixty-second North Carolina, was hastening to Union to investigate the truth of the rumor that a Union force was advancing upon Bristol. Two companies of his regiment were posted at Carter's Station, where Colonel Walker arrived about sunset and attacked it at once. After a brief resistance, the guard, 200 strong, broke and fled to the woods. Major Roper, of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, with two companies of the Ninth Pennsylvania, under Captain Jones, in a gallant dash in pursuit, captured and paroled many of the fugitives. Walker lost two killed and three wounded; the Confederates lost twelve to sixteen killed and a proportionate number wounded. The railroad bridge, 300 feet in length, was soon in flames and completely demolished; also a large number of arms and valuable stores, including the locomotive, which was run into the river.

While the Union cavalry was engaged in destroying the railroad, General Marshall, having, as he supposed, obtained accurate information of its number and movements, made such disposition of his forces as to attempt its capture. The alarm had been given; the road was open to Knoxville from Carter's Station, and from Union to Abingdon. At half past seven on the morning of the 30th Lieutenant Colonel Clay telegraphed Marshall the capture of three prisoners, and reported a force of 1,500 or 2,000 strong advancing toward Bristol. Clay determined to hold his position in front of Slemph's regiment, which was still at Bristol, 400 strong, until reinforcements could be sent to that point. Between Clay's camp and Bristol two roads converged, by each of which he was informed the Union cavalry was advancing. He therefore sent scouts down both of these roads in the direction of Blountsville and Estillville. At 11 A. M.

videttes on the former road brought information that the Union cavalry had left the Bristol road and advanced on Union Station. This information was also telegraphed to Marshall at Abingdon, and Clay fell back upon Bristol in the expectation that Carter would move east upon that place. All this time Marshall had been in telegraphic communication with the railroad officials, first at Bristol and then at Lynchburg, asking for cars to transport his troops from Abingdon to Bristol, only fifteen miles. After, at last, reaching the proper officer a train reached Abingdon.

After the burning of the bridges, at 8 P. M. of the 30th, information came from Slemph that his command and Clay's, 900 strong, were concentrated at Bristol, but afraid to attack Carter, whose force they estimated at 2,000. Colonel Giltner was directed, at 6 P. M., to move his cavalry to Bristol and unite with Clay and Slemph. The same order was sent to Witcher at Little Moccasin Gap. Marshall arrived at Bristol with reinforcements at midnight; no one knew where Carter had gone from Watauga. Fearing an attack upon Johnson's camp, he ordered him to join Clay, and then went to bed. The train came in during the night, bringing ten cannon, but no horses to move them. These he had ordered from Wytheville, the horses to travel on foot. While the Confederate commander was wooing the drowsy god, Carter had turned the head of his column westward. Leaving Watauga at midnight, he reached Kingsport at sunset on the 31st. A brief rest, a supper to men and horses, and the men were again in the saddle—passed Rogersville, which they left eight miles to the south, through Looney's Gap of Clinch Mountain, bivouacking, for the first time in ninety-six hours, late at night, at a point in Hancock County, Tennessee.

The morning of the 31st found General Marshall engaged upon a map of the country constructed under the supervision

of several citizens of Jonesboro. At 12 M. he received information that the Union cavalry was still in camp near Union; then that they were *en route* for Kingsport; later that they were encamped at Hull's, four miles south of Blountville, on the Jonesboro road, which latter despatch contained an earnest request to send all his force to Kingsport. Still later Captain Baldwin telegraphed that the Union cavalry, about 2,000 strong, were making their way to Rogersville with a view to plundering the bank at that place. This despatch was dated 8 P. M., and still the plethoric commander lingered at Bristol. Captain Bedford, of Clay's command, who had left Bristol about noon, passing through Blountville and hearing nothing of a camp at Hull's, sent back word to that effect, whereupon Giltner was despatched with all speed to Blountville, there to co-operate with Baldwin and cut Carter off from Moccasin Gap. Marshall had been promised reinforcements by Gen. Sam Jones, commanding at Dublin, Virginia; but they had not arrived. His artillery horses were still on the road. The conflicting statements of his scouts obscured the movements of Carter's cavalry, and, to add to his perplexity, the map provided for him by Mr. Dunn was made without regard to points of compass or distance from place to place. When, finally, he was warned by the flight of time that a movement must be made in pursuit, he found that he had but 1,533 effectives with which to capture a force estimated as exceeding that number. Nevertheless Marshall moved from Bristol on the night of the 31st and occupied Moccasin Gap about 4 A. M. on the morning of the 1st of January. Supposing that Carter would cross Clinch Range below Estillville, he sent messengers to arouse the bushwhackers in Lee County, Virginia, through which Carter would be likely to pass, and others to Cumberland Gap and Pound Gap, requesting co-operation while he moved forward to Speer's Ferry, which Carter had

crossed in his outward march. Up to midnight of January 1st no information could be obtained of Carter's movements. In obedience to his orders, the countrymen had felled trees across the road, but in some cases had taken the precaution to wait until the Union column had passed, when, finding his way blockaded, Marshall remained at Pridemores, five miles beyond Spier's Ferry, until the morning of January 2d, when he moved to Pattonville, and Carter resumed his march in the direction of Jonesville, where 400 infantry and two companies of cavalry from Cumberland Gap had taken position. Carter reached Jonesville late in the afternoon. The infantry fell back, but the cavalry showed fight. A charge led by Colonel Walker drove them in haste to the wood with a loss of several killed and wounded. Twenty were captured and paroled. At 11 P. M. the column passed through Crank's Gap and, thoroughly exhausted from a march of five days and a half, in which they had been out of the saddle but seventeen hours, the men threw themselves upon the ground and rested until morning. Marshall advanced from Pattonville toward Jonesville, reaching there in time to hurry Carter's rear guard out of the town; but, deterred from pursuit by the impression that Carter's force was superior to his own, and that his troops might be led into an ambush, he followed Carter's example and went into camp. The expedition returned to Manchester, Kentucky, on the 5th, when the force was disbanded and the detachments sent to their respective commands.

This raid of over 470 miles, 170 of which was through the enemy's country, bears favorable comparison with any made by either Morgan or Forrest during the year, and demonstrated the equal endurance of the Northern cavalry. Had the force been at all commensurate with the undertaking, General Carter could have turned eastward from Watauga bridge and swept the rail-

road as far as Abingdon. The destruction of the salt-works at Saltville would have inflicted irreparable damage upon the confederacy, and the defeat of the broken and disorganized force of Humphrey Marshall would have given a favorable opportunity for the Union men of East Tennessee to assert their rights by revolt.

Their probation, however, soon ended. For nearly two years the Unionists of East Tennessee had looked forward to the time of their deliverance from Confederate bondage. The flag of their country had floated, on several occasions, from the peaks of the Cumberland Mountains, but had as often disappeared behind the western slope. Like a mirage, it had excited their hopes only to dash them to the ground. The expedition led by their countryman, General Carter, proved the avant-courier of a powerful army under General Burnside, which, a few months later, planted the Stars and Stripes upon the pinnacles in Knoxville, where it floated in triumph until the close of the war.

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